

# THE BEACON

FOR SCHOOL AND HOME

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Photo by Edward H. Weston.

## THE STORY-HOUR

### Home.

HOME'S not merely four square walls,  
Though with pictures hung and gilded;  
Home is where affection calls,  
Filled with shrines the heart hath builded.  
Home! Go watch the faithful dove,  
Sailing 'neath the heaven above us;  
Home is where there's one to love,  
Home is where there's one to love us.

Home's not merely roof and room,  
Needs it something to endear it;  
Home is where the heart can bloom,  
Where there's some kind lip to cheer it.  
What is home with none to meet,  
None to welcome, none to greet us?  
Home is sweet, and only sweet,  
When there's one we love to meet us.

CHARLES SWAIN.

### Rescuing a Prisoner.

BY ZELIA MARGARET WALTERS.

IT is safe to say that no adventure, even in the humblest guise, would ever escape Madge Leonard. She was on the lookout for it, and her appetite was never satisfied. When they moved into the little house next the big, grim-looking mansion set back among the trees, Madge was happy. The first two days she helped mother put the new cottage to rights. The third morning, when breakfast dishes were out of the way, mother said, "Run and play, dear, and mind you don't play too near the wall. I've been told that old Mr. Ives doesn't like noise."

Madge marshalled Billy and Teddy and Baby Don down the path through the trees behind the cottage. She halted them fully ten feet from the stone wall that marked the boundary.

"We're not to go any nearer," she said. "It's a mystery. I heard the woman from the yellow house telling mother all about it. A mysterious man lives there. He has no family, but one grandchild; and he keeps that one a prisoner. And he's wasting away. I

don't know just how you waste away. I guess that's a mystery, too. I wish we could see him. I wonder if there are bars on his prison!"

"I'll climb the tree and look," volunteered Billy, eagerly.

Billy and Ted took turns climbing the tree and inspecting the house from every available angle, but they could see no signs of bars or other evidences of the prisoner. It was quite disappointing to play under the trees all the morning and have nothing happen. At noon Madge went in to help mother get the lunch. Mother sewed for other people, to make a living for her lively family; and, when Madge was still a very small girl, she realized that she must be mother's helper. Madge did not "take to sewing," but she was already a notable little housewife; and, when there was a hurry in the sewing, she could get a meal without mother's help.

The afternoon still brought no hint of the adventure that must lurk behind the high stone wall. Madge played with her small brothers, read to them, helped them learn their Sunday-school lesson, and put Don to sleep for his daytime nap. Whenever she had time, she pondered on the prisoner. With the passing of each day she wound more of her fancies around the grandchild in the big house.

So you must see it was distinctly a shock when she really met him. They were having a noisy game of tag one afternoon. Madge darted from behind her tree to tag some one, and discovered that she had seized a strange little boy by the arm. He was pale, and his eyes looked hollow and dark, but he was smiling happily.

"Oh, let me play, too," he cried.

"Yes, of course," said Madge; "but who are you?"

"I'm Gerald Ives. I live right over there. I heard you yelling like anything, and for a while I pretended it was Indians, and I'd have to hide under the big soap kettle. But I knew all the time it was children."

"Oh—h!" said Madge, "do you know how to pretend?"

"Yes," said Gerald. "That's most all I play."

"I like that Indian game. We could have the bushel basket for a soap-kettle. And you're little enough to go under."

"All right. You be the Indian princess, and try to find me to cut off my head."

"I'm 'fraid, though, you'll get your clothes dirty," said prudent Madge, surveying the stiffly starched white suit.

The world is one from star to soul:  
Where little children call,  
Or where the mighty planets roll  
One spirit animates the whole,  
And men are brothers all.

A. E. CROSS.

"Oh, that won't matter. Eliza will wash it again."

Madge had a thrill of admiration. It certainly was very grand not to mind soiling a suit like that. When she wore her white dress, she was as careful as anything.

But they played. They tore around the old orchard, whooping for joy. Gerald's pale cheeks grew pink, and his quavering voice was growing lusty. When the children were called in to supper, he slipped away, and disappeared through the gate in the side wall.

For a week after that Gerald came every day. Madge found him quite as good a "pretender" as Billy and Teddy. If she had not been so loyal to her brothers, she might even have said a better one. It appeared that there were many books in Gerald's room, and he read them in all spare time, so he had the starting-point of more romances than even Madge's quick brain could devise. Those days in the orchard were pure joy for all five. Politeness made the Leonard children refrain from asking Gerald how he escaped from the bars of his prison. But Madge studied him reflectively in pauses of the game, wondering if he were small enough to creep through, and what would happen if he were discovered.

Then discovery came unexpectedly in the midst of the finest game of all. They were riding on a magic carpet that sailed through the air. A low-spreading bough on an old apple tree held all the five, and it swayed so realistically that you could easily imagine you were sailing along. Then a severe voice cried out: "Master Gerald! What does this mean! Come down immediately before you fall and break your bones. What will your grandfather say? You will certainly be locked in your room."

A tall, grim-looking woman seized Gerald by the hand, when he descended, and hurried him away. The other children could not play that afternoon. What would become of Gerald? They stood about, discussing it miserably.

Gerald did not come the next day, nor the next. On the third day, as they were lingering beside the wall, Madge heard Gerald's funny, quavering whistle.

"O Gerald!" she called excitedly.

"Hist—t—t," came guardedly in Gerald's voice.

The next instant a paper, weighted with a stone, came flying over the wall. Madge unwrapped the note, and read:

"Dear friends,—I am a prisoner, shut up by cruel fate. When you get big come and rescue me. I can't ever come to play again. Grampa says I'll get hurt and sick and demoralized. More tomorrow."

"GERALD."

Madge was greatly excited. "We must rescue Gerald," she said. "Friends always stand by each other in trouble."

"How?" asked practical Teddy. "We haven't got any gun to scare away the prison-keeper."

"I've got a sword," suggested little Don.

But Madge hardly paid attention. Here was a real problem, and the solution depended upon her. She wouldn't trouble mother with it, for mother was looking pale and worn these days. Should she steal over in the night and try to get Gerald when every one was asleep? But here her good common sense came to her support. Even if she got Gerald safely to her home, she knew they couldn't keep him; for the grandfather would have a right to take him away. In spite of her fanciful vein Madge could look at a matter clearly. She dismissed

all the romantic plans. There was just one thing to do, and that was to appeal to the prison-keeper. When she settled upon this, Madge went to bed with a queer, lost feeling at her heart. She had pictured the grandfather as a very terrible person. What he would do when she went to him she had no idea.

There was no note on the morrow and none on the next day. Pictures of Gerald "wasting away" came to her. Then she hesitated no longer. Don was asleep, and she bade Teddy and Billy play in the orchard and be good boys. Then she slipped through the gate, and started up the walk to the big house. A white-haired man sat on the terrace in a sunny spot. Madge's throat felt muffled, and her legs shook; but she marched up to him sturdily.

Now on almost any other day of the year old Mr. Ives would have ordered the strange child out of the yard, for he was not fond of children, save one. But now he watched Madge with sad, questioning eyes. Every move of the sturdy little body, the round tanned face, the clear eyes, bespoke perfect health. The doctor had been there that morning to see Gerald, and he had told old Mr. Ives in plain words that the lad was not getting stronger. He had added, in rather vague phrase, that the boy must have freedom and out-of-door life.

"If you please," said Madge, bravely, "will you let Gerald out of prison?"

"Out of prison!" said Mr. Ives. "Why do you ask me that?"

"Because I'm fond of him, and it's very hard for him to be a prisoner. It makes him pine away, and mother says all the little dear needs is fun and companionship and freedom."

Madge was quoting her mother exactly here. Mr. Ives stared at her in a disconcerting way without speaking.

"He's awful good at imagining," she quavered, feeling that her courage would go if she said nothing.

"If you are a fair specimen, your mother's system must be worth something," he said; but Madge did not know what he meant.

"What makes you think Gerald is a prisoner?" he asked next.

"The people say so, and besides Gerald threw a note over the wall, and said he was one, and could never come to play again."

"Tell me all about it," said Mr. Ives.

And Madge told how Gerald came to play, and what games they had, and how the stern Eliza had swooped down on him one day, and then how the note came over the wall. Mr. Ives looked out over the garden as if he had forgotten her. Then he said suddenly: "I believe I'll take him over, and ask your mother to take charge of him. I'm beginning to think Eliza and I have forgotten how to bring up a boy."

"Mother couldn't do it," said Madge, promptly. "She's too busy; but I could, and I'd take beautiful care of him. I take care of my three brothers now."

Mr. Ives chuckled as if she had said something funny.

"Very well," he said, "then I'll engage you to look after him. And I'll go over and talk about it with your mother."

Then he called Eliza, and bade her bring Gerald down. Eliza demurred, saying he didn't feel well enough to go out; but Mr. Ives said, "Then let him go and sit in Mrs. Leonard's orchard, instead of his room. And you, Miss Leonard, see that you don't let him tear around when he is feeling ill."

"I won't," said Madge, wishing all the world could know she had been called Miss Leonard. "He can sit in the old canvas chair and be a king or a pirate or something, and he'll be ever so glad."

So Gerald was brought down, and he skipped away with Madge as if he had never thought of being ill. Mr. Ives followed, and knocked at Mrs. Leonard's front door.

The children in the orchard were having such a good time that they didn't think of him again that afternoon. At five o'clock Mrs. Leonard came to the orchard and said, "Come in to supper, chicks."

"Yes, Gerald, too," said Mrs. Leonard. "He is to take dinner and supper with us every day."

"Oh-h, goody!" said Madge. "And, mother, I'm to take care of him every day."

"Yes," said mother, "I know, and you are a faithful little sister." Then she stopped and hugged Madge close. "I'm so happy, my dear. You've opened a way where I couldn't see one. You and I are to take care of Gerald, and now I won't have to sew so much. It was getting too hard for me, darling, and I was worried. But this will just be a pleasure, and yet Mr. Ives is paying us well for it."

"I'm glad you can come and play with us, mother," said Madge, "and I'm very glad Gerald isn't a prisoner any more."

And Gerald, running ahead with Billy and Teddy, looked gladdest of all.

### Blessings of Home.

A LONDON magazine once sent out to a thousand people, representing all classes of society, the question, "What is home?" Every one of the eight hundred replies pictured home as something beautiful and to be desired. The change from the separate house for each family to the apartment house with its limited space and many families grouped in one building, which has gone on so rapidly, has not taken away from human hearts their love of home. A few of the answers to the question are the following:

A world of strife shut out, a world of love shut in.

The place where the small are great and the great are small.

The place where we grumble the most and are treated the best.

The only place on earth where the faults and failings of humanity are hidden under the sweet mantle of charity.

### A Bad Dream.

MY foot's asleep! My foot's asleep.

Oh, dear! What shall I do?

It's dreaming of a hundred pins

That prick me through and through.

It's dreaming of a hornet's nest,

With forty thousand stings;

It's dreaming of a million sparks,—

The fiery, burning things!

Oh, dear! Oh dear! I'm punished well.

'Twas very wrong, I know,

To sit so long upon the floor,

And dilly-dally so.

Grimms' Fairy Tales were in my hand,

The duster in my lap;

And so my foot improved the time

To take a little nap.

KATE LAWRENCE.

## Washed up at Silver Ledge.

BY MABEL S. MERRILL.



Readers of Miss Merrill's stories, which have already been published in *The Beacon*, "The Light in the Oak Tree," "By Way of the Snow Bridge," and others, will rejoice that another continued story appears from her pen. She knows just how to write for children, and the happy, outdoor experiences of Harle and Amy will appeal to all boys and girls.

In Six Chapters. Chapter II.

WHEN Amy woke next morning, her sister was sitting up in the boat clapping her hands at a bright little fire burning on the rocks. Harle stood over the fire toasting a good-sized fish which he held on the point of a sharp stick.

"Come on, young ones!" he called. "Breakfast is about ready. I can't seem to find the napkins, but here's plates enough growing on this oak bush. I've been part way round the island along the shore. I found a reef going out to a place that looked fishy, and I had my line in my pocket."

They had a flat rock for a table, and Star picked the plates and arranged them. The fish was a bit smoky to the taste, but it made them a good breakfast, with a few of the salt crackers left from last night.

"Now," began Harle, when they had finished breakfast and cleared up by throwing the dishes into the sea, "we must go and explore. I want to find a spring of fresh water, then I shan't worry about anything else to-day. And from the top of the cliff maybe we can spy a boat."

"Oh, dear, I hope we shan't!" broke out Amy. "No, of course I don't mean that. Only it would be so tame to go home again after being shipwrecked and catching our own breakfast. They'll be awfully worried about us, won't they, Harle?"

"Yes, they will. I hate to think of that part, but we can't help it. 'Twas just an accident, and we might as well get what fun we can out of this. Now, then, Star, you and I are going to head this expedition."

They went up the rocky stairway that led from the shore to the high land of the island, Harle lifting the child from rock to rock, and Amy scrambling after.

At the top they found, not woods, but a small open field, and Star let go Harle's hand to pounce gleefully on a cluster of ripe wild strawberries in the grass.

"Why, they're thick as spatter all through here," said Amy, getting down on her knees to look. "Do let me have one of the pails, Harle: I can fill it in a minute or two."

Harle had two tin pails slung over his shoulder. He had brought them from the locker of the boat to get water in, if they found a spring.

While the two girls picked strawberries, he began looking about him.

The little field was shut in by thick woods at the back. In front it ran out to the top of the great ledge, or cliff, against which they had almost drifted last night. Harle walked out to the edge and looked across the water towards where he thought Bleak Harbor village must be; but the cloud of fog still hung

upon the sea, and whether there was land under it he could only guess. The hilly and wooded island behind him shut off the view in other directions.

"My, it looks as if there wasn't anybody else in the world but us three here on these rocks," the boy said to himself.

He turned and went back to his sisters. The strawberry pail was full now, and Star's round face was spotted all over with pink finger-marks.

They stowed the pail under a bush where they knew they could find it again, and plunged into the woods.

"What we want now is to get to the other side of the island and see what's there," Harle explained.

The woods were so wild and tangled that they had to cut marks on the trees or break off twigs as they went, so that they could be sure to find the way back. It was not only woods, but great boulders and broken rock tumbled together, for them to climb over.

"Say, this is desert islandy enough," said Harle, stopping to pick up Star for the tenth time. "It's too much for the baby, I guess. We shall have to go back, Amy, and try some other way."

Amy's answer was to burst out of a thicket with her finger on her lips and her eyes as round as buttons.

"Come, quick, and see what I've found," she whispered.

It was a beaten path leading away through the trees. They followed it on tiptoe till out of the dark woods it suddenly brought them to an astonishing sight.

They were standing close to a trim white dwelling-house, and just beyond it, connected by a covered way, were the white-washed buildings and tall shining tower of a great lighthouse.

Below the lighthouse the open side of the island, dotted with homes, sloped down to a snug little harbor where a whole fleet of boats swung at their moorings.

"What geese not to think of it the minute we saw that great cliff shining all silver-like in the sun! Look here, girls, don't you see we're not caught in the Hedgehog's bristles at all! We're on Silver Ledge Island, and this is the famous Silver Ledge light. Come on now: we must go straight to the house and ask how we can get a letter home the quickest way."

They were just getting ready to knock at the door when a girl looked out and said, loud enough for them to hear:

"Dear me, mamma, I'm afraid this is some more of the Duck Island folks. They're all dirty and torn and look like beggar children."

(To be continued.)

## The White Worlds Rise, the White Worlds Sink.

THE white worlds rise, the white worlds sink,  
And the tides they come and go;  
All blank and dead the sky o'erhead,  
And the beach lies bare below.

The white worlds sink, the white worlds rise,  
And the tides they go and come;  
The sky bends bright o'er waves at night  
On shores no longer dumb.

The wild wind blows; it cannot blow  
The white worlds from their track;  
The storm roars far, but can not bar  
The tides from coming back.

To all the worlds, to all the tides,  
That none may say them nay,  
An unseen Power hath set the hour  
And all things give it way.

O chance, O change, O life, O death,  
I fear not what will be;  
The Power that guides the stars and tides  
Will make my path for me.

SAMUEL VALENTINE COLE.

## Books for Old and Young.

ONE of the books published this autumn, will be found interesting and valuable to children and parents alike. *Boys, Girls, and Manners*, by Florence Howe Hall, deals in an appealing way with the conduct of children and young people in all their relations,—at home, in the school, street, public places, and at the telephone. It gives hints on dress and how to wear it; helps the young hostess to learn how best to entertain, and furnishes information needed at the writing desk.

The author bases good manners—those courtesies which make the wheels of life move smoothly—on four essential principles, which she names the Cardinal Points of good manners: kindness of heart, tact, reverence, and punctuality. The subject is thoroughly illustrated with concrete instances, and the style is clear and direct. It is a book which boys and girls may well keep for reference on many points about which they want to know. Parents would do well to read it with their children.

Especial interest attaches to the book to readers of *The Beacon*, as its author, Florence Howe Hall, is the daughter of Julia Ward Howe, one of our most famous Unitarian women.

Of books for children from nine to twelve years of age there is a goodly number from which to choose. *Story Book Treasures*, published by Little, Brown & Co., is one which will be much sought as a gift by those who wish to offer something pleasing in appearance and excellent in the quality of its contents. Here are short stories and poems from all the favorite story-tellers. The index reveals the names of noted writers for children,—Laura E. Richards, Lucretia P. Hale, Susan Coolidge, and Louise M. Pratt, with many other favorites. There are nonsense rhymes from Lewis Carroll and Edgar Lear; while poems suited to the child's love of the beautiful in language and thought are chosen from the great poets. Every selection is a treasure. The child

(Continued on p. 36.)

## THE BEACON.

ISSUED WEEKLY FROM THE FIRST SUNDAY OF OCTOBER  
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## From the Editor to You.

IN one of our great cities a little child was picked up from the streets where he was found suffering from hunger and cold. His material wants were quickly supplied by the kind-hearted people who took him to their home. All that was done for his health and comfort he took as if it were his right, returning love for his care and shelter, but showing no evidence of gratitude. The humble woman who took care of him was troubled because he did not yield to her gentle suggestion that he should kneel down and thank God for his comforts.

A few days later the foster-father, on returning from his work, brought the little lad a bright-colored toy balloon. It was not worth much in money. It did not keep the child warm or furnish him food. But it fed his sense of beauty and wonder, his spirit of play and joy. When once the string was in his hand and he knew that the toy was his own, he ran to a chair, and, kneeling down beside it, he said the first real prayer of his life, "Thank you, God."

No doubt all who read this incident have learned the words of some prayer to repeat at night, or read them from a book at the service in church or Sunday school. This is good, because in that way one learns what are the right things to ask of God, and in what words we may worthily express our desires. Some people are much like Mrs. Winthrop in George Eliot's story of Silas Marner, who said, "If it wasn't for the bits of hymns and prayers I learn at church, I might plump down on my knees every night and not a word could I say." Yet it is only when these prayers express our real thoughts and desires that they become an act of worship. Others may teach us to say prayers. We must teach ourselves to pray.

In the letters of George Meredith, the English novelist, we find this beautiful utterance which any boy might be glad and proud to have his father say to him:

"Do not lose the habit of praying to the unseen Divinity. Prayer for worldly goods is worse than fruitless, but prayer for strength of soul is that passion of the soul which catches the gift it seeks."

Have you found for yourself the inner meaning and the help of prayer? Around a table were seated a group of young people, discussing some of the vital topics relating to personal religion. "What does prayer mean to you?" asked the leader. A crippled girl of sixteen answered out of the depths of her heart, "Unburdening one's self to God."

Good deeds ring clear through Heaven like a bell.

JEAN PAUL RICHTER.

## THE BEACON CLUB CORNER

[Letters for this department should be addressed to Editor of *The Beacon*, 25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.]

THREE new members are enrolled in our Club this week, representing three different States. Next to Massachusetts, California shows the largest number of members. It is good to know that our light is shining so brightly on the Pacific Coast, is it not?

606 SCENIC AVENUE, PIEDMONT, CAL.

Oct. 6, 1913.

My dear Miss Buck,—I attend the Unitarian Sunday school in Oakland, Cal., as Piedmont is but a residential city, and not like Oakland at all. We live a twenty-minute ride from Oakland, on the street car. We depend on Oakland almost entirely, for there are no stores here at all; but Piedmont is filled with beautiful homes, with large grounds around them. We hope, however, to have a Unitarian church here some day.

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who reads and loves this book has stored his memory with gems of literature. The book is beautiful in form as well as in contents, with wide pages, a few excellent drawings for illustrations, and a chaste cover design.

*Colette in France*, a book in the series of "Little People Everywhere," combines in a pleasing way the charm of a story and facts about the life and history of France. The child readers will live in imagination amid the scenes they may some day see in their travels, and store the mind with knowledge in the most delightful way. Geography and history will live for them in the experiences of Colette, and a new sense of loyalty to our own country will come from this glimpse of another republic. The New Year's wireless message from the United States, flashed from the top of the Eiffel Tower, will make them feel, as Colette said, as if France and America were joining hands.

It will delight readers of all ages to know that another delightful Brownie Book is ready for them. Palmer Cox has lost none of his skill in drawing these quaint elves, nor in writing rhymed accounts of the night tasks with which they do so much good. This volume is called *The Brownies Many More Nights*. The little people set a grist-mill to work and grind flour for a hungry town: they look out for injured animals, who have been neglected by mortals. When they investigate the trouble with the electric light plant, you find them switching on the lights in all sorts of amusing places. You will laugh to see them playing at church in the old meeting-house, where one reads from a book, and half a dozen more pass the contribution plates. Best of all, they put a chime of bells in the church tower, and ring them to greet the dawning of the Christmas Day.

The pictures tell the stories almost better than do the verses, and both furnish delight to ear and eye.

*Boys, Girls, and Manners*. By Florence Howe Hall. Dana, Estes & Co., Boston. 323 pp. Price, \$1.50.

*Story Book Treasures*. Selected by Clara Murray. Illustrated with drawings, frontispiece in color. 12mo. Decorated cloth. Little, Brown & Co.

*Colette in France*. By Etta Blaisdell McDonald. Illustrated cloth. Little, Brown & Co.

*The Brownies Many More Nights*. Palmer Cox. Pictures by the author on every page. Board cover in color. Quarto, 144 pages. \$1.50. The Century Co., New York.

Mr. Simonds, the minister of our church, lives about half a block from us, so we are very neighborly.

I attend the Oakland High School, and am a Freshman, for I am only twelve years old. Will you please send me a Beacon Club Button, as I wish to write some stories for your paper?

Very sincerely yours,  
JOAN LONDON.

CINCINNATI, OHIO,  
Sunday, Oct. 5, 1913.

Dear Editor,—I would like very much to become a member of the Beacon Club. Please send me a club button, as I am interested in prose.

Sincerely yours,  
MILTON CASPAR SARRAN.

ALBANY, N.Y.,  
Oct. 13, 1913.

EDITOR OF THE BEACON,

25 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass.:

Dear Editor,—I am sending in this letter an enigma for you to print in *The Beacon*.

I read your paper every week and I like it very much.

Very truly yours,  
DOROTHY POLLOCK.

## RECREATION CORNER.

## ENIGMA XII.

I am composed of 16 letters.

My 2, 5, 10, 12, is to despise.

My 1, 3, 4, 13, is to speak.

My 11, 8, 6, is used around the stove.

My 15, 16, 7, is used with a lock.

My 9, 14, is a musical syllable.

My whole is a famous poem.

"IOWA MAID."

## ENIGMA XIII.

I am composed of 19 letters.

My 7, 19, 15, 13, is a measure of value.

My 4, 17, 14, 9, is a form of water.

My 12, 3, 18, 8, is an opening in a solid body.

My 16, 2, 5, 6, is a depression between hills.

My 1, 10, 11, is a kind of fruit.

My whole was an angel of mercy to wounded soldiers whose name may be made from the anagram, "Flit on, cheering angel."

HELEN DE NORMANDIE.

## BEHEADINGS.

Fill the first word blank with a certain word, and the second with the same word beheaded.

1. Be careful and drive very —, Although the water is quite —.
2. Upon this iron there is a —. Of heavy, brown looking —.
3. Whenever I the children —. They come in running, one and —.
4. Did you see me drop that —. Into the clear and crystal —?
5. It will not do a bit of —. To let your mother take you —.

EMMA A. PERKINS.

## ANSWERS TO PUZZLES IN NO. 4.

BIBLICAL NOVEL ACROSTIC.—Primals, Bethel; 1-6, Vashita; 7-10, Leah; 11-18, Jonathan; 19-24, Elisha; 25-26-27-5-10-28, Martha; 3-4-29-30, Shem.

CROSS-WORDS: 1. Balaam. 2. Esther. 3. Thomas. 4. Hannah. 5. Elijah. 6. Levite.

CONUNDRUMS.—1. Because lightning never strikes twice in the same place. 2. A tanner. 3. Because he had a bark of his own. 4. A dog's bark is inside and a tree's bark is outside. 5. Because it is in firm. 6. Europe.

A CHARADE.—A mill.

ENIGMA VIII.—Benjamin Franklin.

ENIGMA IX.—Oliver Cromwell.

BEHEADINGS.—Corn, morn, lorn, born, torn, worn, horn.